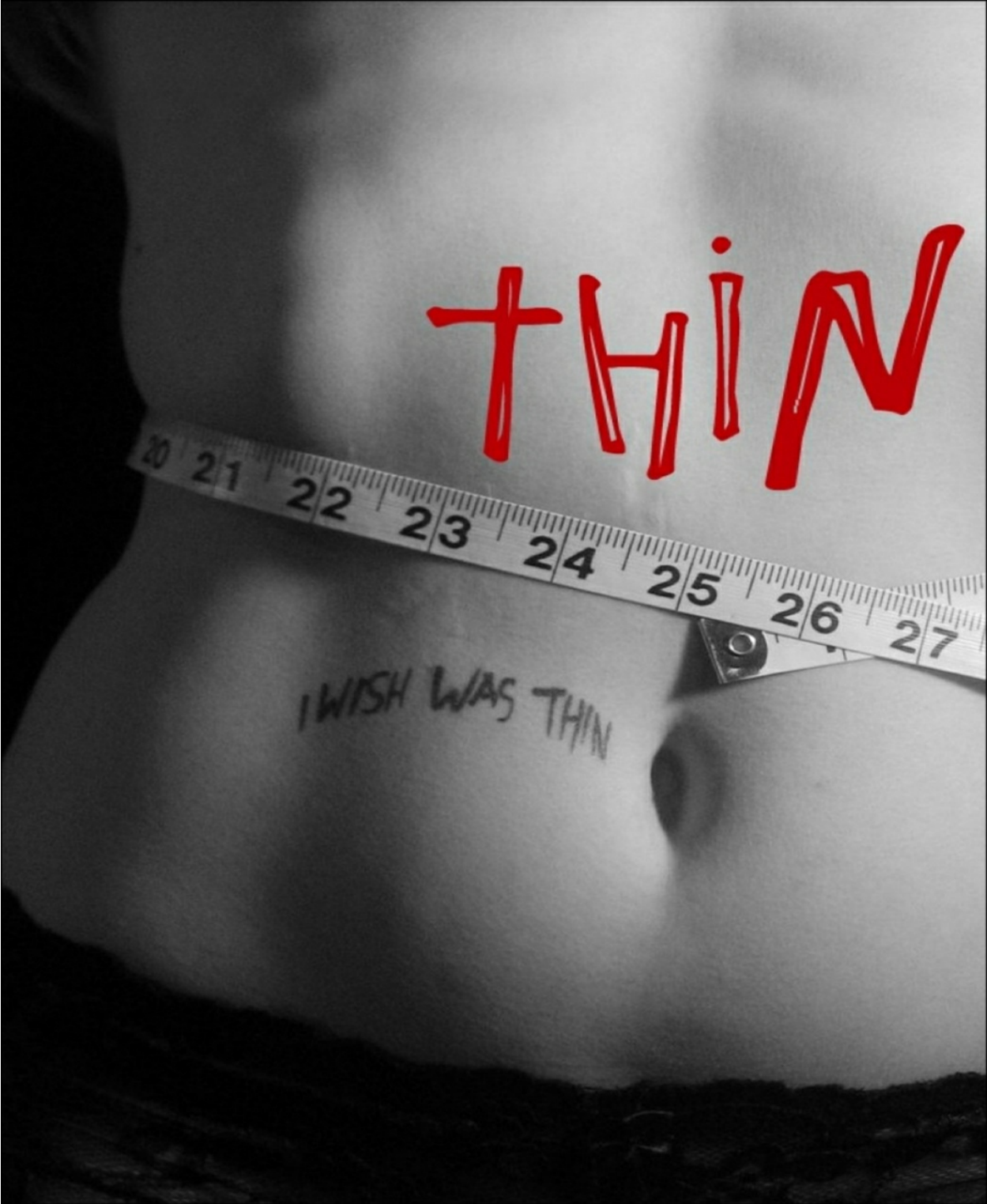


thin

I WISH WAS THIN



Huian La

Thin

I wish I was Thin

To those who wished to be perfect. You're already perfect just as you are.

Dying to be thin

Dying to be thin,
Needing to be perfect
Eyes that lie
A body too weak

You stand still before the mirror
Seeing one thing
Seeing what was never there
Pinch the fat, that nonexistent skin
Suck in your stomach
To make yourself feel thin

Thin, Thinner, Thinnest as can be
Fat, fatty, fattiest
Will never do

Force your body to work its hardest
To shed away the fat only you can see
Pushes up and sits ups
Over and over till you collapse
Only to get up again
To start again

Weak hearted girl
Your shriveled lungs will surely fail
If you keep throwing your food away
And playing with your life

Thin, thinner, thinnest is the best
For girls such as you
Dying to be thin
Reaching for that goal

Of a size 0

And fading completely away

Gross

"She looks so gross,"
Those words are cutting
Whispered and true
And killing me softly
I hold my head down
Not wanting to see their eyes
I knew what they would say
I knew they would laugh

"Why did they let her out the house?"
They asked, and I wanted to answer
My mother doesn't like me
My father is never around
I don't like being in a house
Where there's food to taunt me

My stomach clenches tightly
And I want to get sick.
I suck in my stomach
I suck in the fat
Inside I knew I was just as gross

Neither pink and shiny
But black and white
I feel so dirty
I just want to hide
But I keep on walking
Even when inside I died

"She looks so thin..."
That was a lie
"She looks so sick..."
That's because I puked this morning

"She isn't normal...."

I know

The bathroom is closer now

A few more steps and I can let loose the guilt

I'd ate this morning,

a piece of toast

My body said yes

My mind screamed no

Their words are still there, following me as I go

Kara the fat girl

Kara the weird

Gross

Gross

Gross Kara

I want to cover my ears

I just want to die

I step into the bathroom and go for the stall

The toilet is my savior

My fingers my redemption

Down they go

Index first

Middle next

They poke and prob, and push deeper within

My stomach coils, tightens and burns

It's ready to blow

I'm almost free

The acid ripes at my throat as it moves up up and falls from my mouth

I heave and puck

until there's nothing left

I almost feel better

So I do it again

Again

Again

Again and again

until there's nothing for my body to consume

until I feel ready to fly

I almost feel like crying

I've done good today

I've made myself less gross

I wish I was Pretty

I wish I was pretty
Like the girls from my homeroom
I want their confidence
I want their thinness
Sigh Sigh
What jealousy I feel
Whenever I look
At their long thin legs
I pinch my own thigh and whimper in distress
That fat there is meaty
Why couldn't I be thin?

I wish I was pretty,
like the girls in my homeroom
with their long limbs and tiny waist
They get all the guys
I pull at my stomach
I suck in the fat
The boys in class don't even know I exist
They only see a desk and chair
They'll never see me

I wish I was pretty
Maybe then I could finally stop feeling so worthless

Mirror Mirror

Mirror Mirror on the wall
Who's the fattest of them all?
She's standing so still
A chunky big doll
With sunken in cheeks
And pitiful eyes

Mirror Mirror on the wall
Why do you think, fats girl cry?
They pinch they pull they try so hard
To make themselves thin
To get rid of the fat

Exercise exercise until you break down
Till your bones turn to dust
Till your lungs give out
Stand up straighter and start anew
Keep on working till there's nothing left

Mirror Mirror on the wall
Why did God make me like this?
Can you tell me at least...

Tick Tock

I don't want to go back to class
I don't want to see those people
They judged
They pointed
They laughed like I wasn't there

The bathroom is a comforting place
It's a safe place
I could live here
Inside the stall
Just me, my savior, and my redemption
But they would come looking for me soon
They always did

I look at the mirror and almost cry again
Mirror Mirror on the wall
Why was I made to look like this?
I wanted to ask, but my throat hurts
It's torn apart and scratchy from all the acid

I stare at the fat girl
At stare at myself
Disgusted with how I looked
I give her a smile
Flip her off and leave before she could devour me

Fear is crawling through my skin
Whispering vicious words
Telling me what I already knew
I try to block it
To pretend it doesn't hurt
But it does, it hurts and I want to disappear

Mr. Math Teacher is teach teach teaching like nothing is wrong
He didn't see them pointing when I walked in
Didn't hear them laughing like I did
I shrink closer to the floor
Wishing it would just open up and swallow me whole

Tick
Tock
Tick
Tock

The clock is killing me
Once, twice, and three times I looked at it
Ten minutes and I go home
I rub my stomach,
feeling the fat,
and hearing it growl
Hungry
I was always so hungry
And I never knew why

Tick
Tock
Tick
Tock
Tic....

Please Mr. Time why don't you stop already?
Stop and give me a minute to swallow the pain

Tick
Tock
Tick
Tock

People are leaving now
Is it already time to go?
I didn't realize
I look at the clock
My stomach tightens

Time to go home

Home Sweet Home

Aha, how good it is to be home
To step through the door
And feel that first blow

My jaw aches, it feels almost broken
I turn to face her, eyes wide in terror
She looks so angry
So bitter with life
With me

The blow comes again
It throws me to the floor
Blood splatters in my mouth
The pain comes next
I don't try to get up
Maybe
Maybe if I play dead she'll go away

She heaves an angry growl and reaches out
I flinch away
Oops my mistakes
I shouldn't have done that

Mummy what did I do
to make you so bitter
to hit me repeatedly
to tear me apart?

Is it because I'm not like you
Thin and beautiful
Is it because Daddy is never home

The third blow is the charm
She's breathing hard
Crying like she'd taken the beating instead
"How could you," she says in a tiny voice
"How could you leave me for her David?"

Aha, so she thought I was Daddy
I should have guessed
She was drunk
So I couldn't blame her

I don't move, don't breath
My face hurts,
The blood won't stop
My lungs are on fire
I wish she'd just go away
I wish she'd stop staring at me with those eyes

Cover Scheme

The pain is still there
A ghostly reminder on my face
It sings and burns
It makes me cry
I test my jaw
Test it and test it
To make sure she didn't break it

The girl in the mirror looks so pitiful
Her fat cheeks pink and shiny
Dusted with blue, black, and purple bruises

I almost feel bad for her
She looks too sad
If only she was thinner
Then I would cry for her

I watch as her hands take out the tools
Her cover up scheme is about to begin
Concealer and powder
To make it look real
To make the bruises go away
To make everything look okay

I almost feel bad for her
She's crying real hard
She's really in pain
But
She's too fat to care about

Dinner

Dinner was a disaster
An awkward affair where no one cared
Mother was scowling
Father was drinking
And no one would eat
Dinner was a disaster,
One I would love to forget
Too bad for me
Things never worked in my favor

New Girl

The next morning came
Bright and early and full of chirping
I didn't want to get up,
I didn't want to go to school
But I did anyway
And look where it got me

There was a new girl at school today
A heavy girl
Bigger than even me
But she wasn't a thing like me
She didn't slouch like I did
She didn't hide behind her hair
In fact, I fear I might have seen what looked like a smile
Slithering across her face

The new girl is interesting to everyone now
They all couldn't understand how someone so fat
Could look so happy
I couldn't understand
How she looked so comfortable

I felt funny inside, like something was eating away at me
It took me a second to realize what
It took me a minute to squish it back down
No, no no
I won't allow it,
I can't allow the past to come back out
She would only make a mess of the work I'd accomplished

The new girl was standing in front of me
How did she move so fast with her short little legs?

I stare at her, she stares at me
Then she smiles brightly
"Hey," she says, "I'm Amber."
I nod slowly, not trusting my voice
She returns my nod with another revolting confident smile
And turns to leave

I hate the new girl already

PE

Physical Education isn't fun
Everyone watches you
They always do
I don't feel comfortable in shorts and a tee
Each step I took the fat jiggled on me
I wanted to hide
I didn't want them to see
But I was already out there
They've seen me now
So I sucked in the fat and pretended I didn't care
Physical Education isn't fun

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